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Have Courage to Say "No."

You're starting to-day on life's journey, Alone on the highway of life; You'll meet with a thousand temptations;

Each city with evil is rife.
This world is a stage of excitement,
There's danger wherever you go; But if you are tempted to weakness, Have courage, my boy, to say "No."

The syren's sweet song may allure you;
Beware of her cunning and art;
Whenever you see her approaching,
Be guarded and haste to depart.
The billiard saloons are inviting,
Decked out in their tinsel of show;

You may be invited to enter, Have courage, my boy, to say "No."

The bright ruby wine may be offered -No matter how tempting it be,
From poison that stings like an adder,
My boy, have the courage to flee.
The gambling halls are before you,
Their lights how they dance to and fro, If you should be tempted to enter, Think twice, even thrice, ere you go.

In courage alone lies your safety,
When you the long journey begin,
And trust in a good moral training,
Will keep you unspotted from sin.
Temptations will go on increasing, As streams from a rivulet flow, But if you are true to your manhood, Have the courage, my boy, to say "No."

SEE INTEW THINGS:

Jedediah Juniper's Interview with New York.

EY PALCONBRIDGE.

'Carriage, sir? take you right up !' 'Git aout, I say! Plague on't bnow your du go on, and follow a feller araound ! 'spect a feller's tu darn'd lazy, or tu proud, tu hang on tu his own bundle?"

'But if you are going up,' continued one

'Goin' up?' cehoes the bedeviled Yankee,

'Yes, sir, up to a hotel.' 'A ho-tel? Git nout, goll darn ye!'

'Yes, sir, take you right up; here's my 'Here's your carriage, right away!' cries

'Mister take my coach; that other feller

'Il charge you double fare.' 'That feller'll swindle you!' Echoes an-

'And you'd rob a hen roost!' is the ready 'O, you go 'long!' replies the challenged

Jarvey; 'you're just out the Toombs for 'And you come out o' Sing Sing last night

'You're a notorious thief !'

'You're noted for lying; choked yourself trying to tell the truth I' 'You lie!'

'Do I, take that !' 'Go in! Give it to him!' yell omnes; 'Fight!' is the echo.

'Let un !' 'Give it to him !'

'Murder-r-r!' 'Call the police!' Now the fighting becomes general, some

fifty of the carriage and cab drivers, with a large sprinkling of thieves, dock loafors and idlers of the various calibers found in the vicinity of a New York steamboat landing. But where was our Down East friend, amid this general and sudden 'revolution' of the sanguinary republicans. Gone, double quick time, of course. No, there he is, in the very midst of combattants! How they rush around him! How they hit and hustle one another, and he seemed to e cape wound, scratch, or scar! And the quiet observer might discern rather an odd expression mantling the face of each psuedo pugilist; for now and then, as they tossed one another over our Yankee friend, and cried out in

brave tones, 'I'll give it to you!' 'Call me a liar?'

'Take that; I'll pepper you!' They grinned and leered and actually

seemed to have a jolly time of it. Down East was not idle; legs and lungs were in 'Let go-o-o! Goll darn yeou, let me

'Call me a thief!' cries one of the artful

dodgers, making a feint at a 'cotemporary and hitting Yankee. 'I.I.I.git aout-t-t!'

'Said I was a convict, did yer! Take that I' yells another. 'And that !' says a third, making a miss

hit, and smashing the Down East gentleman's sheet-iron looking -hat tightly over the Yankee's orbs of light. 'Everlastin' cre-n-a-tion !

'Go in, lemons!' shouts the crowd. 'Let go my hat! what in the sin are you bout-t-t? Let go, goll darn ye! yeou'll tear my hat all tu flinders!"

'Call the peer-less!' cries one of the thieves. 'Here's a feller raisin' a fight l' yells the

carriage driver. 'Murder-r-r! A feller's got my watch! 'Look out for pick-pockets!' shout the onfers and thieves.

'Let me aout! Let go my pockets, gol darn ye! What are yeou at? Git aout o' that! Murder!' cries the poor victim.

A bustle takes place, the crowd scatters, somebody eries that pick-pockets are about and the 'per-lees' are coming!

'Hallo here, what's all this about?' exclaims the red-faced policeman, coming up to poor Down East, who has finally managed to extricate his head from his hat, the exertion putting him all in a foam of pres piration, as well as tumbling up his hair like quills upon the fretful porcapine.

'What's all this row'en?' 'Raow? Goll darn ye! Yeou one of the feller's been pitchin into me? Jest say so and I'll be darned if I dunt jest wallop you aout of yeour cow skins, or my name's not

Jedediah Jumper, naoie! 'What?' eries the policeman. "Are you the feller's been raising all this muss?' 'He's the feller, Mister Perleesman,' says

one of the ceachman, coming up to the seene again. 'You're the darned skunk as bit me cries Jumper, throwing his hat and coat it

the most heroic fashion, and and evincing orher symptoms of 'going in.'

'He's drunk ! Take him off !' cries 'He's been raising a fight here all the af

ternoon! says another, coming up with 'He's picked my pocket, the thief!' cric

one of the rascals. 'And stole my watch!' chimes in anothe

villain. 'You cternal, double-a nd-twisted skunks yeou,' gasped poor Jumper, now writhing in the hands of the ferocious policeman you pizen-mean, cowardly, low-lifed sarpints, yeou've stole my watch, yeou've hooked my puss, and'-

'Come along !' roar the virtuously indignont officer. 2'Come along, you rascal! Want to let on you've been robbed, ch?'

'Him robbed? Ha! ha! ha!' 'You're a pooty feller to be robbed! Ha ha! ha!' shout the thieves.

'Come with me, you scoundrel! I'll show you how to come here and kick up a row among decent, honest people, just to get a chance to pick pockets! Eh?'

'Me pick pockets? Grea-a-a-t kingdom! 'Come along !' cries the policeman. 'Give me my coat! Sa-ay, look a'here Fetch back my coat! Stop that feller with

av hat! Sa-a-v. look a'here!'-'Come along with me!'

And hatless and coatless, sans purse and watch, poor Jedediah Jumper was rushed off to the police station, valise in hand, which he had been fortunate enough to retain, by hook or crook, in spite of all the exertions of the thieves to seize it. The policeman made a formidable charge against J. Jumper, he had been drunk, fighting, molesting honest people in the discharge of their respect

ful avocations, and picking pockets. 'Look a'here, 'Squire,' exclaimed the

outraged Jumper-'Hold your tongue you rascal!'

'Want tu know if that feller's a-goin' tu rip into me that way and I stand here swal where you was put for stealing a bridle with | lerin' his goll darned lies and you listen to

'em?'
1-1-1'll give you thirty days on the Island. roars the magistrate, 'if you don't hold your law. Now, I'll fine you five dollars and costs, and give you two hours to leave the

Yeov du? says Yankee. 'I do; and if you don't pay the fine, I'll send you up for thirty days, you rascal!' 'I calculate, 'Squire, yeou call this mighty spry town?'

'What's that?' 'Peert fellers at crowdin' strangers!' 'Will you hold your law?'

'Great on grbbin' a feller's watch !' 'Stealin' a feller's puss!' continues the

mperturbable. 'Mr. Clark, the rascal's fine seven dol

'Hold on, ho-o-o-ld on, Squire let us see how much the damage is naow, great gravy What, seving dollars fine for gittin' robbed, coat gone, hat hooked, watch stole, puss grabbed, a-a-a-nd everlastin' sin and misery f yoou don't beat creation and the speckled Jews,-two dollars and a half for bein snaked up here by this feller! Nino real dollars and a half ! Well, I guess I've got as much

as that and a leetle over. Opening his valise, Jed jerks out a cap, which he socks upon his head, slips into a bob-tail coat, hunts up an old wallet, from which he extracts a ten dollar bill, and

'There's the document-call it squareand if I ever gin yoour darned, eternal town another call, yeou can bet on fining me my null-pile and stealin' my shirt and beuts!' 'Commit him to jail,' cries the magistrate. 'And if I ever catch you down aour way,

reou old pizen sarpent, I'll lather yeou till yeour hide won't hold pea-pods!' Whether it was the shortness of Jed's coat tails, or the want of haste, the officer didn't grab the prisoner, who was off like

shot from a shovel, a victim to the force of circumstances, and the danger and auftail besetting green-horas in pursuit of novelty

The Bible.

Who composed the following description of the Bible we may never know. It was found in Westminister Abbey, nameless and

A nation would be truly happy if it were goverened by no other laws than those of It contains everything needful to be

It gives instruction to a senate, authority

and direction to a magistrate. It cautions a witness, requires an impartial verdict of a jury, and furnishes the

judge with his sentence. It sets the husband as the lord of the household, and the wife as mistress of the table--tells him how to rule, and her how to manage. It entails honor to parents, and enjoins obedience to children.

It prescribes and limits the sway of the sovereign, the rule of the ruler, the authority of the master-commands the subjects to honor, and the servants to obey, and the blessing and protection of the Almighty to all that walk by its rule.

It gives directions for weddings and bur

It promises food and raiment, and limits the use of both.

It points out a faithful and eternal guar dian to the departing husband and fathertells him with whom to leave his fatherles children, and whom his widow to trustand promises a father to the former, and a husband to the latter.

It teaches a man to set his house in order, and to make his will; it appoints a dowry for his wife, and entails the right of the first born and shows how the young

branches shall be left It defends the rie of all, and reveals rengeance to every defaulter, over-reacher

It is the first book, the best book. It contains the choicest matter-gives the est instruction-affords the greatest pleas-

ure and satisfaction that we ever enjoyed. It contains the best laws and most pro found mysteries that were ever penned; it brings the best of comforts to the inquiring and disconsolate.

It exhibits life and immortality from everasting, and shows the way to glory.

It is a brief recital of all that i. to co It settles all matters in debate, resolves all doubts, and eases the mind and conscience of all their scruples.

It reveals the only living and true God and shows the way to him, and sets aside all other Gods, and describes the vanity of them, and all that trust in such; in short, it is a book of laws to show right and wrong a book of wisdom that condenus all folly and makes the foolish wise; a book of truth that detects all lies, and confronts all errors, and a book of life that shows the way from everlasting death.

It contains the most ancient antiquities, strange events, wonderful occurrences, he roic deeds, unparelleled wars.

It describes the celestial, terrestrial, and infernal worlds, and the origin of the angelie myriads, human tribes and devilish legions. It will instruct the accomplished mechan e and most profound critic.

It teaches the best rhetorician, and excercises every power to the most skilful arithmetician, puzzles the wisest anatomist and exercises the wisest critic

It is the best covenant that ever was a greed on; the lest deed that ever was sealed; the best evidence that ever was produeed; the best will that was ever signed.

To understand it is to be wise indeed; to be ignorant of it, is to be destitute of wis-

It is the king's best copy, the magistrate's best rule, the housewife's best guide, the servant's best dietatory, and the young man's best companion; it is the schoolboy's spelling book, and the learned man's mas-

It contains a choice grammer for a novice and a profound mystery for a sage. It is the ignorant man's dictionary, and

the wise man's directory. It affords knowledge of witty inventions for the humorous, and dark sayings for the

gave, and is its own interpreter. It encourages the wise, the warrior, the swift, the overcomer; and promises an eternal reward to the excellent, the conquerer the winner, and the prevalent. And that which crowns all, is that the author is without partiality and without hypocrisy.

A Hundred Years to Come. No one ever appears to think how soon no must sink into oblivion-that we are one generation of millions. Yet such is the fact. Time and progress have, through countless ages, come marching hand in and-the one destroying, the other building up. They seem to create little or no commotion, and the work of destruction is as easily accomplished as a child will pull to pieces a rose. Yet such is the fact. A hundred years hence, and much that we now see around us will have passed away. It is

We all within our graves shall sleep A hundred years to come ; No living soul for us will weep A hundred years to come : But other men our land will till, And other men our streets will fill, And other birds will sing as gay, As bright the sunshine as to-day,

A hundred years to come.

THE LIFE OF AN OUTCAST.

gether until he was killed. He left me A few weeks ago, there was buried in the City Cemetery a women who appears upon the books of the Sexton as Rose Delmonde. This of itself is nothing strange, but there is something behind the name, related to as by one who was present at the death-bed scene, so mysterious, sad and sorrowful, that we publish it, as an incident, not often occurring any where, much less in such an even-tenored place as the capital of Ala-

Rumor has it, and in this case rumo eems to be true, that just after the war, there came to Montgomery a beautiful, to speak. A strange dreamy listlessness sprightly and accomplished women of some 20 years of age. She stopped at one of the principal hotels, and being alone attracted marked attention. She had a tall commanding, splendidly developed figure, fine dark eyes and jetty, waving hair-and as she swept into the brilliantly lighted parlors and dining saloon, with all the grace and seeming dignity of a queen, every one paid to her, that which true manhood always pays to beauty-the homage of a sigh. She remained in luxurious quarters for some tell days, during which time never ceasing gos sip was busy with her name. At length she suddenly disapeared, it is supposed with a cotton agent of the U. S. Treasury Department, well known in business circles pere, and was not heard of for a long time, by and by she returned, but instead of occupying sumptuous quarters as before, she became an intimate of a leading bagaio in the city. Here her true character was revealed. She became a queen of the demi monde, and was courted, flattered and caressed as a favorite by all who visit those peculiar haunts. It was not often that she appeared upon the streets and promenade but when she did, she was known, noted and remarked upon, for her stately beauty and handsome personal appearance. Who she was or what she was other than a woman uncommonly prepossessing, and outcast

"poor unfortunate," no one knew or seemed to care. She still went by the name of Rose Delmonde, and although to the untutored eye she might have appeared as other woman did, still the seeds of vice had been sown, and that fate, which God has surely marked out, for all who transgress his moral law had cast its shadow before and could not be averted. It was not long 20 to 25 'ere she commenced hard drink-sunk into 25 to 30 the midst of midnight revelries and dissipation and thus step by step decended the vortex of shame, until the elastic step of youth had passed away-her beauty was gone forever, the bright sparkle of budding womanhood had melted from her eye-and the tint of the rosebud had faded from her cheek, and when our informant called to see her, she a poor, wan, emaciated woman,

shunned as a pestilence and inhumanly de-

Here our story properly begins : Some weeks since a call was made upon a woman. He went and found the subject of this notice, lying in a dingy little room in a house of an old negress. When he entered the room, he soon saw the patient was not long for this world, as she was then in the last stages of consumption, brought on doubtless by exposure and excessive dissipation. As he entered the door, the patient as yet unknown, called him to her bedside

and asked, "Doctor, can I live?" She seemed to put this usual interrogatory with so much of tender feeling, that our friend, possessing as he does the benevolent soul of a learned minister to bodily and mentally suffering evasively replied, "I hope and reasoners of his class.

This reply was not satisfactory, however as she said : Sir, only tell me, how long I can live! Will I have time to send for my nother?" With this she burst into tears, and there in that hut of squalid poverty, the poor dying oueast wept as if her heart would break, as galling memory reverted to the happy scenes of her childhood, where in a bright and joyful home she had listened to the soft and gentle lullaby of a mother's song. The physician seeing her condition, administered a soothing opiate and when she slept he retired, promising her endeavors, but let me baste myself to your only attendant, the old negress, to return on returning found her cool, self possessed and it is so hard to cabbage one sweet look from perfectly rational. She again called him to you that I almost despair of having enough her bedside and related to him in substance the follwing intelligent, but sad and mysterious story : "I know that I must die. " * The world calls me Rosa Delmonde, My true name is Charlotte-My father is dead. My mother and only brother live in Utica, New York, No. - street. I am twenty-three years of age. During the war formed the acquaintance of Licutenant George-, of the 2d New York cavalry. He was well educated, a man of pleasing address and fascinating manners. I loved him. With me that love was beautiful insanity. I thought of him by day and dreamed of him by night. He proposed to me and I accepted. My brother opposed but the repetition of life's story; we are the match, and importuned my mother to born, we live, we die; and hence we will make the Lieutenant cease his attentions.not grieve over those venerable piles, find- She yielded and ordered him to visit me ing the common level of their prototypes in | no more. I agreed never to see him again but oh I love him still. He was absent some six months, and on his return wrote me a letter, saying "he adored me, that his life was desolate without me" and importuned me to fly with him. I consented .-We were married. My brother forbade me the house-my mother ceased to notice me but even then I never ceased to love her .-

penniless. I wrote home for means to return. It was refused me. I tried to work but could find none, and at last, as God will bear me witness to keep from starving in this Christain land, I plunged myself into crime, into "rain and despair. No one knows of my where-abouts. All that I made by my life of shame is gone; everything, in fact, except this little locket which mother gave me. It contains a lock of ha ir. Send t to her, and ask her to forgive me; tell her that I never ceased to love her, and that the last prayer of her poor, sinful child. was for mother and for home." She ceased

stole over her, and the wayward spirit of the once beautiful Rose Delmonde has ascended to God who gave it. Reader, this is her plaintive story revealed and known to none before. She is buri ed in a pauper's grave, at the public expense. The little locket, containing her pie ture in the days of innocence has been forwarded as directed, and this brief paragraph in the Journal is the only notice possibly that will ever be taken of beautiful Rose Delmonde, who, steeped though she was in sin and crime, still had a woman't heart. May we not hope that life with her was but a page in the book of Time, and that death will be a new leaf in the book of an Eternity to her bright and joyful.

Plant the green sods above her, The last that ever will grow,

For the wild rank weeds will cover her bed Before the coming of snow, And when the snow flakes have melted

And the flowers of spring are seen, Where is the tongue that even can tell Where her lonely grave had been."

away.

Marriage and the Death-Rate

It is a curious and instructive fact that out of every 100,000 married persons (including widowers) at the age of 20, 626 die before attaining the age of 25, while out of a similar number of persons unmarried at the same age, no less than 1,231 die before attaining the age of 25. The following table, founded on the vital statistics of Scotland, shows the comparative death rate of married and unmarried males from 20 to 86

8.23 8.65 11.67 14.07 17.04 14.31 15.94 18-35 21.18 19.54 25.14 26.34 28.54 52.93 81.56

Dr. Stark, the Registrar-General of Scotserted by her summer friends of her former land, infers, from these figures, that "bachmost unwholesome trades, or than residence in an unwholesome house or district where professional gentleman of this city to visit there never has been the most distant attempt at sanitary improvement of any kind." We do not question the opinion that matrimony may in a thousand ways exereise a healthful influence on the human race, by ennobling its habits and enforcing sobriety, &c., but we think Dr. Stark exceeds the legitimate conclusion consequent on the premises. It must be remembered that married men are generally of a more robust and healthful constitution than bachelors, who frequently are deterred by illhealth from undertaking the support of families. This important element in the calculation has been forgotten by Dr. Stark

A LOVE LETTER .- A Tailor to His Sweetheart, a Mantamaker :- "Remnant of my hopes. May I be ripped from the boder of your esteem and never be buttoned to the loop of your kindness, but I am strongly seamed to them by your beauty. May I never lose a thimbleful of your favor, but you have entangled the thread of my understanding with that pretty outside of yours. Odd bodkin! I am surely yours -every inch of me-and my needle follows you. Therefore, blunt not the point of my kindness, that I may sit tighter to your afthe morrow. He kept his promise, and on fections. I love you beyond measure, but to finish my suit. Pray put a favorable construction on this, and for the same I shall always sit crosslegged for your sake, being my deer little flouncer, your

> WORTH TELLING. - As is generally known, the late Maj. Wm. Fry, deed., of our city, was a great whit and humorist, and rarely got off anything in that line that was not ronounced "good." We have heard tell of one of his jokes that is worth putting in print. During the war a rolling-mill in

which one of his neighbors was largely interested, was obliged to suspend work on account of stagnation in business. Coming up town one morning, the Mujor called to him across the street, requesting him tocome over, and added that he had an idea to give him in regard to his rolling-mill that might make in very profitable. "Very well," said Mr. Pcan give me any suggestion that will be val-

uable. I shall feel very grateful.

You go to Washington-call at the War Department-you are a good, loyal manlay your case before Mr. Stanton and get a big contract to roll out noodles for the army. We went to Chattanooga, where his regi- I tell you, sir, you can make your fortune .ment was stationed. We lived happily to- Allentourn Democrat.

and a comment in the second

Western Correspondent.

LANDEN, Michigan, Dec. 12, 1868. Dear Sir-As the town of Vassar, from its location and surroundings, may be of some interest to your readers. I will attempt a short description of it. There is a settlement of Pennsylvania in Tuscola County, about twenty or twenty five miles distant from Vassar, some where in the vicinity of Unionville, which is near the County Seat, and I take it that the people are pleased to hear from the County in which their friends

Vassar is a pleasant little town situated on either bank of the Cass River, but the principal part of the town is situated on the right bank, extending up quite a side hill, which most travelers think detracts something from the pleasantness of the place .-It is about seventy miles from Port Huron. and on a State road nearly opened from Port Huron to Saginaw, the latter being sixteen miles from Vassar, which part of the road was planked last year and the forepart of this. There are two Ssw Mlils and a Grist or Flour Mill, the latter of which and one of the former are driven by the waters of the Cass, but the other Saw Mill is driven by steam. There are also three hotels four dry goods stores, two cabinet shops, a wagon and two blacksmith shops, a drug, book and stationery store combined, a Radical press. which sends out a sheet filled mostly with advertisements and the blackest kind of radicalism, There is a Presbyterian church (frame), of long standing in the place, and a Methodist church in course of erection, which is being made of brick, also a Union or Graded school building, in which are three schools taught. Vassar at one time was the seat of the lumber trade, but is not so much so now, in consequence of the lumber having been mostly taken off, which takes considerable business out of the place. It is not as a general thing a farming country, still there is some as good farming land in the vicinity as anywhere in the State. -Crops, as a general thing, were better than most people expected they would be. Prices have been lower than usual this fall, but they are now on the rise. Wheat is worth nearly \$2.00, and other things in proportion. We have had a splendid run of sleighing of about two weeks.

Yours, very respectfully,

Definitions of Bible Terms. A day's journey was thirty-three and one

fifth miles. A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile-Ezekiel's reed was eleven feet, nearly.

A cubit is twenty-two inches, nearly. A hand's breadth is equal to three and

five eight inches. A finger's breadth is equal to one inch. A Shekel of silver was about fifty cents.

A talent of silver was \$538 32. A talent of gold was \$13 809.

A piece of silver, or a penny, was thir-A farthing was three cents. A gerah was one cent.

An omer was six pints.

A mite was one cent. A homer contains seventy five gallons and live pints.

A nepha, or bath, contains seven sallons and five pints. A bin was one gallon and two pints. A firkin was seven pints.

A cab was three pints. To DAY AND To-Morrow.-To-day we rather bright and beautiful flowers-to-mor

ow they are faded and dead. To-day a wreath of leaves shade us-tomorrow, sear and fallen, they crumble be neath our tread. To-day the earth is covered with a carpet

of green-to-morrow it is brown with the withered grass. To-day the vigorous stalks only bends be

fore the grain-to-morrow "the land is taking its Subbath after the toil." To-day we hear sweet songsters of meadow and forest, the buzz and hum of myriad

insects; to-morrow-breathe softly-all nature is hushed and silent To-day a stately edifice, complete in finish and surroundings, attracts the passer

-to-morrow they fall in slaughter. The fashion of the world passeth away. But let Christ dwell within us, and though we may pass away like the faded leaf and the sapless stalk, we shall "arise to newness of life.

Where everlasting spring abides, And never wintering flowers.

CURE FOR CROUP. - The parents of young children are apt, at this season of the year, to be anxious in regard to croup. An exchange publishes the following receipe for was equally enthusiastic in his praise of the relief of croup, which we publish for Governor Snyder, then chief magistrate of the benefit of young mothers: Take one the Keystone State. The New Yorker, in ounce of sweet oil, and add to it half an his laudations of his governor, said that Do ounce of gum opal. Apply to the chest. under the arms, the palms of the hands and headed man. "Vell," replies the Dutchhollows of the feet. It will generally felieve the most severe cases of croup in five bery long head, but it is bery tick !" minntes. Remember to use externally, and give the patient plenty of cold water to

IF cranberries are dried a short time the sun and placed in bottles filled with them, and then closed with scaling-wax, the berries will keep in good condition for sevoral years.

All Sorts of Items,

... The youngest mother in England is a girl of cleven years.

... A fresh novelty is a negro preacher who

accompanies psalm tunes on a banjo. ... A fat ox is to be presented to Grant .-Ox enters his mouth and horse comes out

... Brigham Young is anxious to get rid of this year's crop of 36 marriageable daugh-

... The official majority in Oregon for Seymour is twenty three—the closest election in the Union ... In New York, a church is said to pro-

pose having a full brass and string band, in-... If brevity is the soul of wit, what an

immen e amount of fun and frolic there must be in the tail of a fashionable coat. ... Lorenzo Dow defined death-bed repentances to be burning out the candle of life in the service of the devil, and blowing the

snuff in the face of heaven. ... A surgical journal speaks of a man who lived five years with a ball in his head. A waggish friend of ours says he has known ladies to live twice as long with nothing but balls in their heads.

... "Remember who you are talking to, sir!" said an indignant parent to a fractious boy; "I am your father, sir!" "Well, who's to blame for that?" said young impertinence; "tain't mo!"

...Gov. Wise's farm, in Princess Anne county, Va., has been restored to him by the Government. The owner of Libby Prison is also to be paid three Years' rent for the use of that building by the United States authorities. ...Gen. Grant, in his annual report, says:

States." What for? We thought his election was to "let us have peace," but troops are only indicative of war. ... The Senate special committe on Railroads has decided to report favorably on granting charters for new railroads between

Washington and New York, and between

Troops are still needed in the Southern

Washington and Cincinnati. ... At Quincy, Ill., is a German with a curious blood mark. It is a perfect deer about the size of a silver dollar, and on his right cheek. The form and outline of the deer are as perfect as could be drawn by an artist, and show a deer in the act of leap-

... They tell a story about a man out west who had a hair lip-upon which he performed an operation himself by inserting into the opening a piece of chicken fleshit adhered and filled up the space admirably. This was all well enough until in compliance with the prevailing fashion he undertook to raise a moustache, when one side

An old negro named Pete was very much troubled about his sins. Perceiving him one day with a very downcast look, his master asked him the cause. He onswered that he 'was afraid ob de debbil.' 'But, Pete,' said his master, 'you are foolish to take it so much to heart. You never see me troubled about my sins.' 'I know de reason, massa,' said Pete; 'when you go out duckshooting, and kill one duck and wound anoder, don't you run after the wounded duck?' 'Yes, Pete,' and the master wondered what was coming next, 'Well massa, dat is de way wid you and me, de debbil has got you sure, but as he am not sure ob me. he chases dis chile all de time."

sent her a boquet with a card attached. upon which was the following poetic effu-"Axeopt this bokay from a feller Who oft has hurd the kanons beller; Has listened to the fife's tooten, And helped to doo a heep of shooten; Has seen the war clouds darkly rise, Like fifty buzzards when they fliz, Who now is bigger than his dad, And wants to marry mity bad."

During the war, a Georgia soldier, while

in camp near the house of his sweetheart,

"CHAPS" ON THE HANDS, - Many persons, especially ladies, are victims all thro' the cold season to chapped hands. An effiby-to-morrow a heap of ruins mark the cacious and agreeable remedy exists; what is more, it costs next to nothing. A small To day there are cattle on a thousand hills jar, filled with equal parts of honey and glycerine, costing a shilling, will last all winter. Apply it after washing to hands still wet; then rub one hand with the other in Lady Macbeth style until nearly dry; then complete the wiping with a soft towel. None of the fanciful-named cosmetics are half as good as this.

> A DUTCHMAN ON "THICK HEADS,"-A great admirer of De Witt Clinton, who was then Governor of New York, visited Pennsylvania, where he met a Dutchman, who Witt Clinton was a very shrewd and longannn, "Governor Schneider hasn't such a

> A DREADFUL naughty boy was Thad Stevens. A correspondent of the Albany Argus intimate that he was the father of eleven illegitimate children.

AMERICAN women, it is alloged, annually wear 350,000,000 yards of calico, and nearly as many dollars' worth of silk.